

fought the good fight unflinchingly against right divine, rule, and those representatives of absolutism, Don Carlos and Dom Miguel. Tallyrand might count upon England joining the Quadruple Alliance, as she joined France in 1814 at the Congress of Vienna, to combat the rapacious-territory appetites of Prussia and Russia. On returning to France in 1834 the prince sought repose on his estate at Valencay which he had not visited for four years, there receiving his friends, when gout permitted, and writing witty letters to those unable to visit him. It was while thus rusticating that he learned the death of his faithful friend, his Elgeria, the Princess Tietzkiewitz. He then implored the minister not to ask him to return to London, but to allow him to live ignored as a recluse in his *tanière* there to vegetate till death.

The Prince was saddened at the disappearance of even the remnants of his generation; he wanted to join the grand majority; he regarded himself as a man of the past; a superfluous laggard on the political stage who would be then of no utility to France, while being injurious to his own self-respect. He wanted to live at his fireside, in the company of his souvenirs, simply and quietly. "I am an octogenarian, but I do not wish that others discover the fact, or that it should be revealed by my work." He was always careful about his reputation for posterity. In his swan-song he advised Louis-Philippe, who had solicited his advice in making a diplomatic appointment, "never, Sire, make a choice to please such and such a party, but choose men who will be attached to you, but above all to France." Napoleon was the soldier who personified war; Tallyrand, the diplomatist who personified, in his latter days, Peace.

ETUDES SUR L'ALLEMAGNE POLITIQUE. By A. Lebon. L'ALLEMAGNE DEPUIS LIEBNITZ. By M. L. Bruhl. These volumes must be read together; they start from different standpoints to arrive at the same goal, the origin of German unity, the accomplishment of that unity, and the prospects of its duration. Neither German nor French unity dates back for centuries, because they were the birth of circumstances, and the out-put of necessities, and these did not exist ages ago. The writers, or as they were called, the Encyclopædists, drew the attention of the ignored French middle classes to the political and social inequalities of rule by divine right. Rousseau infused sentiment into the reform current while imparting a kind of ideal goal to the tendencies of the misgoverned. Had Louis XVI., or rather had his queen, honestly kept their word to aid Mirabeau to cleanse the absolute monarchy of its abuses the Revolution could have been avoided. In attempting to crush the Revolution and re-establish the *ancien régime*, diplomatists only rendered the Revolution indestructible.

France was as blind from 1860 with respect to Germany as foreign diplomatists were in 1789 with respect to France. Germany lulled France into a false security in regard to her national aspirations. The unity of France was accomplished by the expulsion of the English and the Spaniards; that of Germany by the expulsion of the French and Austrians; the same as the ejection of the latter two from Italy gave unity to the Peninsula. Jeanne d'Arc and Henri IV., Stein and Bismarck, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, these were the blood and iron agents of the unity of their respective nations. All the writers, all the poets, all the philosophers, could never have brought about such ends, without the logic of the pike, and the pathos of the blow. External and national necessities effected the unity of Germany. The year 1806 tore her from her lethargy; 1815 saw the birth of the Germanic Federation; 1840 awakened German patriotism against France; 1848 caused the Revolution to cross the Rhine; 1866 threw Austria out of Germany, thus making her the present Oriental rival of Russia; 1870 sealed the alliance of Northern and Southern Germany, and 1871 consecrated it at Versailles.

Henceforth, no more intermeddling by foreigners in Fatherland. Economical preceded political unity; the Zollverein prepared the Confederation of 1867. Neither metaphysics nor poetry had anything to do with these results. At the commencement of the eighteenth century the idea of nationality did not exist in Germany. Leibnitz endeavoured to disentangle it out of common ideas and common interests; Wolff cleared away the darkness from the face of the waters; Lessing emancipated Germany from foreign influences; Herder made known her genius; Goethe and Schiller crowned her originality. Unity of soul was effected, intellectual patriotism formed. Napoleon the First taught these patriotisms the necessity of independence. Kant made of that patriotism a duty, and Fichte a passion; Stern identified it with the State, and from 1815 to 1848 it entered into each German's soul, and became an intestine struggle between unity and separation, or particularism. M. Bruhl has an excellent chapter on the "Might is right" aphorism or *la force prime le droit*.

M. Lebon shows that Prince Bismarck was a diplomatist, not a statesman, that he manoeuvred with deputies, as he did with Governments. He considers that the ideal of government of the present Emperor, which is only a maxim of Hegel's, that there ought to be only one party in the empire—the Imperial, and composed of only a single person—the emperor, will be rudely tried by the new, or the fourth power, Socialism. Will Socialism transform German unity; will it break the mould in which new Germany is concentrated?

LES ORIGINES DE LA FORME RÉPUBLICAINE DU GOUVERNEMENT DANS LES ÉTATS-UNIS. By M. Strauss. The author, a minister Plenipotentiary at Constantinople, works out,

interestingly, this ingenious and original idea; the English colonists of North America adopted the republican form of government in their struggle for Independence because they were eminently a Biblical people and decided to establish a federal republic, after the fashion of the ancient Hebrews, who, during their voyage from Egypt to the borders of the Jordan, had founded a confederation of little republican states, the primitive communities of the Jewish people. What does Professor Bryce say to this?

Following the growing custom, the Père F. H. Didon furnishes some advanced sheets to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of his forthcoming work, "La Critique et l'Histoire," in the life of Jesus Christ. The eloquent clergyman has devoted the several years that he was condemned to "silence" to writing the volume. It is not a polemical or a dogmatical work. It cannot conscientiously offend any Christian reader. He states: Jesus Christ is the great name in history. There are others for which one dies, but His is the only one that is adored by all peoples, all races, and throughout all times. The most indifferent of moderns recognize that none has been superior to Him for the lowly and the unfortunate. By themselves, the Apostles and Disciples were nothing in the midst of hostility. All their strength is in the virtue of God; all their science resolves itself into being like Jesus. Although very learned the style is limpid and simple; the authorities are clearly given in foot-notes. The quotations from the Old Testament from Jewish books, written 1400 years B.C., form a picture so detailed and complete that one might believe it had been traced by the evangelists, after His appearance on earth. The volume is also a long-promised reply to Renan's "Life of Jesus."

In the same review M. Lavissee contributes a gossip mosaic on the father of Frederick the Great.

In the *Revue de Géographie*, M. Rabot gives a character sketch of the Fins. They are not all Czarized as yet; some of them, as the Tchérémisses, are pagan. He assisted at their religious rites, which consisted of the cooking of a deer at the trunk of a big tree in a sacred grove; the flesh was eaten but the bones were burned and the ashes scattered about. A few morsels of the meat had been placed in bags made of bark, and hung on the boughs of trees.

M. Paul Gaffarel, in the same review, sustains that history and fact attest that several centuries before the discovery of America by Columbus, the Irish had occupied the southern bank of the River St. Lawrence, under the name of "Hoitraumanna." The Congress of "Americanists," now sitting in Paris, states that Columbus discovered America only for Europeans; Chinese documents, however, are extant, proving that the celestials had, long before Columbus appeared, occupied the northern portion of the continent. To whom the blue ribbon?

THE TRUE AIM OF ART.

*ONE said, of old, whose words were wisdom rare,
That every beauty that on earth appears,
From early age to life's declining years,
In hue or form, that men call passing fair,
The golden morn, the shimmering mountain air,
The strain of music that beguiles our cares,
The bloom the ripened fruit or flower bears,
And truth that takes away our dull despair,
Are but reflections of the only true,
The only beautiful, Eternal One,
Who dwells beyond the azure dome of sky;
Then Art should seek, through earthly types, to view
His face from whom all beauty has begun,
In whom all wisdom, truth, and beauty lie.

Kingston.

K. L. JONES.

OF ORIGINALITY AND THE CHARM THEREOF.

A GREAT poetical authority has asserted that "nothing is but thinking makes it so," and a great philosophical authority, if we may venture so to describe Bishop Berkeley, is popularly, though perhaps erroneously, understood to have affirmed that matter is indebted to the percipient mind for its very existence. Now we know that poets have never been in high repute as *authorities* and that the supposed dictum of the idealistic Bishop may be disputed, and yet, and yet—well this was the manner of it, as you shall hear.

It had been in our mind to say a few words in praise of originality, the rare beauty of this gift, or virtue, having dawned upon us, when some imp of the perverse suddenly whispered that there are various kinds of originality, and that many of them are without beauty and devoid of charm. Such, muttered he spitefully, is the originality of the thief, the forger; of the whole large army of the wicked; of those in the upward or downward career of vice. Thinking will not make this so for us, however, we rejoined; nor will we do more than listen to so peevish, so inconsiderate a suggestion. When we speak of the charm of originality we mean the originality which has a charm; the originality which lies within the sphere of charity and kindness; the originality which has goodness for its friend.

And now what is it, this originality of which we make so much? Perhaps we can discover. A picture we saw the other day started us on the quest; it was the face of a young girl with a wealth of dark tresses, an eye like the

*Plato.

sloe, and a pair of wayward, pouting, wilful lips. Somehow this beauty connected herself mysteriously with that reckless, delightful, Bohemian Jew of Kingsley's, the friend of Hypatia, Raphael Aben-Ezra. What was the subtle relation between the bewitching girl and the fascinating Jew, and wherein did the charm of both consist? Did it not rest in an easily-discerned indifference to accepted standards? One guessed that the dark-eyed beauty was no lover of conventions, and had not Raphael's scorn of them long ago stirred in us a sweetness of desire which was almost an aspiration. For this quality in human nature then, the quality which makes its possessor rich among men, we can find no fitter term than that which perhaps has always been applied to it—originality.

Originality, we should say, is marked by a happy indifference to accepted standards, by a determination to live one's life, to go lightly on one's way, careless whether the crowd is with us or whether we have to journey it alone. True originality, moreover, is accompanied by *disinterestedness*, for how can a person be original if he has it in him to envy the gifts, the talents or the possessions of another? To harbour envy or any kindred feeling would be to confess his insufficiency, his lack of originality. Perhaps the hall-mark of the highest originality is this very disinterestedness, and perhaps the highest originality, like the highest virtue, would be possible only in a condition of being which labouring humanity has not yet attained. The fierce struggle for existence, the elbowing for life's prizes, the race for fame, may all conspire to render it impossible that we should be indifferent to the standards our neighbours set up, and cleave to the line of our finest ideal.

Ah! for a long draught of that rare wine, and then to go sweetly on one's way! To have manners which though fine would yet be "flawless as snow-flakes." True originality in the artist—let not that dismal preacher of our time, the practical person, fling his hard speeches at us—true originality in the artist would render him easily indifferent to what is called, and perhaps is, success. Possessed of it, failure would be no more than a witness to the fact that he had not yet done his worthiest, or that his worthiest was not marketable. Possessed of it he would not regard the work of brother artists in a spirit of rivalry; envy would not be of his nature. What should he do with envy of the work or the success of other men? He with his own work to do, his own life to live; with the way open before him, and the knowledge that further on in the dimness wait for him development, perfection, happiness. As with the artist, so with the philosopher, so with the scientist, so in every walk and humblest by-way of life. Possessed of that disinterestedness which, as we think, is the surest test of originality, jealousy and envy, sworn enemies of joy, would have no resting-place; but we have stepped aside from what was meant to be a pleasant essay on charms and beauties, and other agreeable thoughts and things, and have wandered into the marsh of a homily, where those who accompany us may cry with displeasure that their feet are sinking.

To return, then, to Raphael Aben-Ezra and the dark-eyed girl, for with them is the kernel of our nut. What we admire and love in a man or woman is indifference to the conventional, in many things even to what is called the respectable, in life. Henry James speaks of a certain person who was fore-doomed to respectability; and how many around us do we see wearing the yoke from day to day. To find one who is ignorant of the rites of custom; to whom it does not occur to compare himself with his neighbour; who knows not the value of vanity; who is not utterly cast down by failure, nor unduly elated by success; who could not by any possibility be aware that he was a superior person, nor be spoken of as an epitome of the moral virtues, this is the originality, this the man we are in search of. Perhaps Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson may have run across him on his travels in the South Pacific or elsewhere, or peradventure he would be found in a company of that nobler Bohemianism of which Mr. Hamerton writes. But, for ourselves, we have not seen him face to face.

J. H. BROWN.

A MODERN MYSTIC—XIV.

JUST as Mr. McKnom was about to tell his story Captain Draynor pointed to the hill on the north and said: "Look—a herd of antelope." "A herd of antelope!" exclaimed the ladies simultaneously, and were about to jump up, when Captain Draynor said: "Sit still, and they may come quite near. Antelopes are very inquisitive animals. They are attracted by the flag." Down very cautiously came these beautiful creatures, their gaze fixed on the British gonfalon. Near and nearer they came, until a trooper emerging from the Orderly-room startled them, and they turned and fled like the wind. They moved off, all springing at the same time, and covering at each spring an incredible reach of ground. "Beautiful!" we all exclaimed as they disappeared over the crest of the hill, and indeed a more graceful and beautiful sight is seldom given to man to behold.

Irene: "It would take Macaulay to describe that."

Helpsam: "Macaulay! No; the only man living or dead who could have done full justice to that exhibition of life, rhythm, power, beauty was Lord Tennyson when at the height of his power. I doubt if description was Macaulay's forte."

Glaucus: "You are right. Macaulay was a rhetorician. There is not an original felicitous phrase in all his writings; nor was he a man of original power. He owed